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"BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH."

There are few texts in the Bible which are greater favorites with a certain class of persons than this. There are those whose chief fear seems to be lest the world should be righteous overmuch; and yet the fear and the danger are, in their own case, by no means commensurate. Those who are the most afraid of overmuch righteousness are not those who are most in danger of it. Their fear is therefore wholly benevolent, — a fear for others. They run no risk of destroying themselves by the rigor of their self-denial or the austerity of their devotion. They will never work themselves to death in the cause of God or man; but they are very much afraid lest others will. If a man is so conscientious, that he cannot engage in those practices in which others usually allow themselves, they say, "He is righteous overmuch;" for every attempt to rise above the popular and vulgar morality seems to them extravagant. If a young man, on entering life, finds many usages inconsistent with the principles of morality in which he has been instructed, they tell him that he is

too scrupulous; that he must do as others do, or he will never get along. If a young woman feels that the fashionable occupations of her companions — morning calls, evening parties, dressing, shopping, novel-reading — are not fit employments for the life of an immortal being; that they do not feed her mind and her heart; and therefore endeavors to devote herself to serious study, to active charity, to useful employment, — these friends immediately say, "Why should she be so much more particular than others? why make herself singular? why not live like other people?" If any one, feeling that the salvation of the soul is the great concern of life, devotes himself to religion in earnest; is evidently serious and anxious, and inquires what he must do to be saved; if he spends much time in retirement, meditation, and prayer; if he attends religious meetings on other days than Sunday, and avoids the conversation and occupation which might dissipate his thoughts, — they cry out, "He is overmuch righteous. Religion is a good thing in its place; but why so much of it?" And yet he might spend whole days — morning, noon, and night — on some important worldly business; he might deny himself rest and diversions for whole weeks, — and they would not think it dangerous. So if a man feel it his duty to take part in any unpopular movement, and express openly his opinions concerning it, these good people cry, "Why do so? You are injuring your influence: you can do no good. Be prudent; shut up your mouth; and do not make enemies." In a word, if, in religion, in morals, in social life, men are ever led by force of conscience to go beyond the common opinion or practice in the performance of duty, there are always those who will think them righteous overmuch, unnecessarily scrupulous, extravagantly conscientious, perversely bent on doing right, ultraists, always in extremes, perpetual disturbers of the

peace of society or of the church, and madly destroying themselves by their suicidal disregard of comfort and ease, and of the tranquil luxury of floating with the current.

But might it not occur to these benevolent people, that there is another way of destroying one's self besides that of overmuch righteousness? If being too conscientious destroy the outer man, too little conscientiousness may destroy the inner man. If too refined a morality destroy the comfort of this life, too careless a morality may destroy the hope of another. If our outward comfort is endangered by too strict principles, our inward peace is lost by too loose ones. If the body is worn by too much devotion to truth and humanity, the soul may be ruined by too little. How many persons do we see around us, prosperous in all outward things, — to the eye of the world successful, happy, most enviable, — over whose soul brood perpetually discontent, unrest, despair! They have taken so much care of this life, that it has become a most weary burden to them; they have surrounded themselves with such an array of comforts, luxuries, conveniences, that their soul has withered away; they have sheltered themselves so carefully in their fine abodes, their magnificent environment, from every storm of difficulty, that they are dying for want of fresh air. How many young persons do we see, who have been carefully taught every lesson of prudence and worldly wisdom, who infringe no etiquette, who walk within the verge of every propriety, who are propped up and bolstered beneath by luxuries, who never run any risk by giving way to a generous emotion, in whom the enthusiasm of youth has been carefully eradicated by wise counsel, who have been taught to make themselves the object of all their watchfulness and care, and so have been shut out from God's heaven and man's earth! To them the joyful struggle and battle of existence

are all unknown; they are buried, while yet alive, in the grave of self and sense; they are old, while yet young, through the calculating dryness of their heart. How we could wish for them, that they might for once be startled out of their prudence by a noble impulse; for once forget themselves in a rash act of foolish generosity; that they might only make themselves odious by taking the unpopular side of a controversy; that they might take part for once with truth and right against numbers, fashion, and power; for once find themselves in the opposition; and so, destroying their worldly success by overmuch righteousness, succeed in saving their soul! The trees which grow in the rich soil of the Western Valley are often blown down by the gale; while ours, whose tough roots lay hold of sand and gravel, can breast a hurricane. So the soul which is lapped in ease, and comforted with all outward good, loses its manly strength; while that which is obliged to contend with poverty and difficulty comes close to the great realities which give vigor to the mind and heart.

There are not many of us, I hope, who think that overmuch righteousness is the chief difficulty which the world labors under. But there is another error to which we are all more or less liable; and this is the error of supposing that there can ever be too much righteousness, too much conscience, too much devotion, too much religion. We are so much in the habit of talking about the danger of extremes, and the beauty of moderation; of saying that all extremes are errors, and that truth is usually between them, — that we have really come to suppose that we may go to an extreme in doing right; that we can carry piety to an extreme, or charity to an extreme, or humility to an extreme. People almost suppose, sometimes, that the true ground to occupy is half way between piety and impiety,

half way between faith and unbelief, half way between truth and error, half way between bigotry and charity. Now, I believe that virtue can never be carried to an extreme; that there is no such thing as ultraism in honesty or piety or any goodness; that we can never be righteous overmuch. I do not believe that truth is always in the middle, and error on both sides. Sometimes truth is on both sides, and error in the middle. Sometimes, in a controversy, both sides have the truth, and only the neutral in the middle is in error. When the two knights disputed about the shield, — one saying it was gold, and the other maintaining it was silver, — both of them were in the right; for the side which one saw was really of gold, and the side which the other saw was really of silver. But if there had been one standing in the middle, directly beneath the shield, he would probably not have been able to tell any thing about it. So when there was a controversy in the diocese of London between the modern Catholics and their opponents, whether it was proper to have lighted candles on the communion-table, both parties had truth; the one in saying that a lighted candle was a very beautiful symbol of the light of the gospel, the other in saying that there was danger from the multiplication of such forms and ceremonies. But when the Bishop of London decided this controversy by taking what he thought middle ground, by making a compromise between the ultra Catholicity of those who wished for lighted candles and the ultra Puritanism of those who wished for no candles at all, and gave his judgment that the candles should be there, but not be lighted, he took a middle ground which had nothing to recommend it, and every thing against it; for unlighted candles are objectionable as a form, and yet not desirable as a symbol. Thus, too, the truth often lies on one side wholly. If one man should say that five times four were

twenty, and another should assert that five times four were ten, it would not do to say that the truth must lie in the middle between these extremes, and that, therefore, five times four are fifteen. So when religious men contend that we should love God with *all* our heart and soul and strength, and irreligious men think that we need not love God at all, it is by no means wise to take the middle ground, and give half our affection to God, and half to the world.

But it seems to me, that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as righteousness overmuch. Jesus tells us, that, "when we have done all, we are unprofitable servants, who have only done our duty." He commands us "to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect." The best men — those whose lives have been like a burning flame of zeal, devotion, love, activity — have always felt their deficiency and imperfection. No good man ever yet accused *himself* of being righteous overmuch. No man on his death-bed ever yet lamented that his faith had been too strong, his humility too profound, his prayers too incessant. In this direction, there cannot be excess: there ought not to be moderation.

"But," you may say, "is there not something which seems like an excess of conscientiousness? Is there not such a thing as a too-scrupulous conscience? Is there not a painful and laborious performance of duties, which makes them like a yoke round the neck, and a load on the heart? Is there not a feeling of sinfulness which sometimes drives men to madness or suicide? Is there not a devotion to religious duties which may be carried to extremes?" There is all this; and this is what is meant when it is said, "Be not righteous overmuch:" and yet this is, after all, not an excess of righteousness, but a deficiency. It is a one-sided righteousness, an unbalanced

virtue. The evil is not in the good which is done, but in the other good which is omitted. When the Pharisees, in their scrupulous anxiety to obey the law and give tithes of all that they had, gave tithes even of the herbs in their garden, — their mint, anise, and cumin, — they were not blamed by Jesus for doing this: they were blamed for "omitting the weightier matters of the law, — judgment, mercy, and faith." — "These," said he, "ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." And this is always the true rule: there is never too much of one kind of righteousness, but only too little of another kind.

Let us look, for instance, at the case of a scrupulous conscience. There is a conscience which torments itself with its perpetual scruples; which is always in terror lest it should do or should have done something wrong; a sort of Jewish conscience, if I may so express it, — always under the terrors of the law. This scrupulousness cuts the nerves of vigorous action. One does nothing, for fear of doing wrong. Now, is there not *too much* conscientiousness here? By no means. Since Jesus tells us that we are to give an account in the day of judgment for *every idle word*, it is evident that right and wrong attaches to all, and that the conscience should be awake to it. The evil is not in too great moral sensibility, but in too little faith. We should see as well as we can *all our duty;* we should understand as fully as we may all our sins, even to the smallest; we should feel our imperfection and weakness; and then we should arise, and go to our Father, and say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." We should not sit still under the load of remorse, nor spend our time in mourning over our weakness and sin; but arise, and go to God, and lay it down there before his mercy-seat, and gather strength at once, from communion with his love, for renewed effort. Instead of tormenting ourselves for

our supposed faults, we ought at once to confess them to God, who is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Then, the more sensible we were to our sins, the more they would lead us to communion with God: and so, instead of weakness and torment, they would become the means of filling us with strength and joy; and we should be able to say with Paul, "When I was weak, then I was strong."

Again: take the case of excessive strictness in the outward duties of religion. There are those who observe the Lord's Day with the strictness of the Jewish sabbath, and who multiply religious exercises and the forms of devotion to a great extent. I admit that harm is often done by this; but I do not admit that there is or can be too much attention to the duties of religion. The fault here, as in the previous case, is, that there is too little of something else: there is too little of the spirit of the gospel in these forms; too little of the genius of Christianity. The Lord's Day *cannot* be kept too strictly: we cannot make it too sacred, too holy, too blessed a day. The difficulty is, not that men ever observe it too strictly, but that they do not observe it aright. Their observances are formal, not spiritual, not free, not filled with joy and peace of a divine life. So we could hardly have too many religious meetings, if we had only enough of the religious spirit to make them genuine outpourings of the soul. Suppose that we had meetings morning, noon, and night; suppose that we prayed seven times in a day: if this was not a form, but a season of love, joy, and peace, it would strengthen us for all our duties; it would make all our cares light; it would give cheerfulness and strength to our souls for every daily task.

Again: I sometimes hear it said that the virtue of charity may be carried to an extreme; that there is an ultra

liberality and an extreme of toleration among us. I do not believe it. I know that there is something calling itself liberality, which is so tolerant as to be unwilling to oppose error, or distinguish between truth and falsehood; which does not care what a man believes, and rather prefers to assist those who differ in opinion from itself than those who agree. But this is not an excess of charity: it is a deficiency of earnestness. It does not denote too much of liberality, but too little interest in truth. It is not an extreme of charity, too wide a sympathy, or too large a love; but that there is not enough of the deep feeling which leads us to see the vast difference between truth and error, between right and wrong.

Again: many are afraid of freedom when it goes too far, and would seek to set limits to freedom of thought and of inquiry. I do not believe that freedom can go too far, or occasion any real evil. Freedom may be made the cloak of licentiousness; but true freedom never can become licentiousness. It is the truth which makes us free, and it is sin which enslaves us. It is not too much of freedom, but too little of the sense of responsibility for the exercise of that freedom, which is to be deplored.

Again: men are sometimes charged with taking too deep an interest in particular reforms; in doing too much and saying too much about antislavery or temperance or peace or education. But how can we think too much or feel too deeply on such subjects as these? Here, as before, when we have done all, and said all, and felt all, we are still unprofitable servants. How can we say and feel too much, for example, concerning intemperance, that terrible evil, that monster sin, which defiles the temple of the Holy Ghost, and brings such countless miseries on the victim of the wrong and on him who practises it? We cannot feel this too deeply. There is

no fanaticism, there is no ultraism, possible in this direction. But we may, while looking at these evils, forget to see others: we may suffer this one theme so to blind our minds to every thing else, as to make us unjust to those who are laboring in other departments of human duty, important and necessary too. It is not that we think too much of this work, but that we do not think enough of others.

There is, then, no such thing as an excess of righteousness. We cannot be too faithful to conscience, too watchful of ourselves, too zealous in the work of life. Let us devote ourselves with full earnestness of heart and soul to doing the will of God. "Why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" is ever the language of the indolent to the industrious, of the self-seeking to the self-forgetting, of the luxurious time-server to the uncompromising servant of truth and right. "Why destroy thyself? Why lose all the comforts of life? Why make thyself unpopular and unfashionable? Why make enemies? Why provoke people by showing them their errors and sins, opposing their interests, and wounding their prejudices?" But the man whom the world thinks injuring himself by such a course as this has meat to eat that it knows not of. In the strength of a good conscience, in the cheerfulness of a pure heart, and hands washed with innocency, the day passes over his head, serene and joyful. He rises with alacrity to his earnest task; he sleeps with an infant's sleep after it is done. The world passes by him and despises him; but he has some friends, whose love atones for the neglect of all the rest. He has the deep consciousness in his soul, that he is not living in vain; and, when he comes to die, he has the blessed conviction, that God, whose servant he has been, will never leave him nor forsake him. The wise and prudent men of this genera-

tion may scorn him as a fanatic, a man of no prudence, an ultraist: but the same wise and prudent men of an after-generation will build monuments over him, and write books about him; and the biography of this ultraist will be in the libraries, and his name in the orations, of all those, who, if they had lived in his time, would have said that he was foolishly destroying himself by being righteous overmuch. But more than this: when they and he come to stand in that infinite light which shall illuminate the whole history of our lives, and make every fibre of our being transparent, it will be seen that the acts of courage, of zeal, of faithfulness to right, of loyalty to conscience, which men thought extravagant, useless, and suicidal, were all necessary, all useful, and all tended to develop, build up, and strengthen his soul.

Edmund Burke once concluded a speech at Bristol, before his constituents, in these words: —

"And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not stand here before you accused of venality or of neglect of duty. It is not said, that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. No! The charges against me are all of one kind: that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far, — further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the feelings of many could go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, in distress, I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted."

When we shall come to stand before a tribunal infinitely greater than that of any mortal judge, may we have the blessedness and comfort of knowing that among

our errors have been a too rigid adherence to principle; a too strict regard for the rules of truth, justice, and charity; a too profound, exclusive, and self-forgetting devotion to the will of God and the cause of Christ!

LETTER FROM DR. ELIOT.

St. Louis, March 25, 1862.

The contribution of fifty dollars from a member of the Church of the Disciples is received. We need the help, and thank you for it. Our "Soldiers' Home" costs us a good deal, and will need to be enlarged. It is under the care of an excellent manager, — Rev. Mr. Peabody, an Orthodox Congregationalist, who gives almost all his time; but with an average (daily increasing) of thirty inmates to be fed, slept, and generally provided for, and sometimes sent home by railroad, the outlay is considerable. We have now forty-two beds; and shall probably hire an adjoining house, so as to double the number. It is as quiet and well-conducted a family as there is in the city, and supplies a want to the "stray" soldiers, of whom there are a great many, from one cause or another, who are a day too soon or too late; not quite fit for hospital or camp; needing advice how to get their pay or passes, &c., &c. You know that we have fitted up and furnished one steamer for a floating hospital; and we hope to get authority to-morrow, from the general and the medical director, for another. If two are regularly employed, nearly the whole transportation of the sick and wounded can be done by them, and an enormous amount of suffering prevented. Yesterday I saw a boat come in with about three hundred

sick, removed from Mound-City Hospital to make room for the sufferers in the next battle; and the degree of discomfort was perfectly terrible. Many had not even a mattress to lie upon, — a blanket and knapsack for bed and pillow; sick with pneumonia, typhoid fever, &c. There were no regular nurses; no hospital supplies or conveniences; no food, except the common "rations:" and so they had come two nights and a day. Do you wonder at a large mortuary list? But do not be too indignant; for you must remember that only since the Donelson victory has river transportation been needed; and the want will soon be supplied. The floating hospital already in use is as comfortable as any moving arrangement can be made, with good men and women nurses, the best of surgeons, and all the appliances of comfort that kindness can supply. It is a great gain.

From the wounded at Pea Ridge, Ark., we do not get full accounts. That was a fearful battle, — sixteen thousand against thirty-five thousand; and a victory gained! They fought like wild-cats and panthers. You do not know what fighting is, at the East. Of course, the badly wounded could not be removed. Very many died on the field for want of attention; and the rest are cared for as well as circumstances allow. It is a wild and exhausted country, hostile to our cause. We have sent three agents there, and eighty-one large boxes of all sorts of supplies; but have no particulars yet of their arrival and use. Gen. Halleck gave special orders "to put them through" as quick as man and beast could transport them; but two hundred miles of land-carriage, over bad roads, is no joke.

Here, in St. Louis, the hospitals are tolerably full, — say, twenty-two hundred inmates in all. They are in very reasonably good condition; not quite satisfactory

to us, but with not much to complain of. The sick and wounded prisoners have been a great burden, — six hundred of them at one time. They come here in miserable plight, — worn down, dispirited, dying. Many are very destitute; and all have been treated in hospital like our own men. I hope your Boston women will not find fault with us for using their gifts, for the time, in this way. It is done "by order of Gen. Halleck," and of a greater than he, who said, "I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me." After all, a sick or wounded rebel, in bed and dying, looks very much like a man.

There seems to be an impression, that our little Western Sanitary Commission is at some variance, or not working well, with the United-States Sanitary Commission at Washington; but this is a mistake. Their inspectors here (Drs. Warriner and Douglas) are *associate* members of our Board, and all of us are associate members of theirs. We are independent organizations, but without conflict or jealousies, even when "provoking one another to love and good works." In the beginning (that is, after we had been at work about six weeks), they desired us to re-organize as a Branch Board: but this was impracticable, for many reasons, as we thought; and the attempt to do it would have resulted in our disorganization altogether. The circumstances here were very peculiar; and we had to feel our way along, not knowing what a day might bring forth. There was no pre-arrangement, no special plan, no "great expectations" of doing a great work. It was only five individuals, to whom an informal commission was given to help the medical director and other officers, in whatever way they could, for relief of the sick and wounded, and the prevention of disease. The theory was, "the minimum of machinery and the maximum of work." Whatever authority was needed was obtained from time to time; and,

although several times at the point of dying, we "still live."

Do not flatter yourself that the war is over. All the worst fighting is yet to come; and it will come very soon.

Yours,

W. G. Eliot.

THE GREAT WESTERN BATTLE.

IN A LETTER BY REV. MR. COLLYER, OF CHICAGO.

[The following letter, which we find in the "Chicago Tribune," will be new to many of our readers, — probably to most of them; and gives a picture of the awful scenes of war, irradiated by love and faith and Christian charity.]

Editors "Chicago Tribune:" —

The great battle-field of Shiloh is now of supreme interest to your readers, not only for the place it will take in history, but for the personal relation of thousands in all the North-west to those who are there, — husbands, sons, and brothers, — alive and well, or wounded or dead. I have been there; had glimpses of the battle-field; and have seen a great many of our soldiers, especially of the wounded: and propose to narrate briefly what I saw and heard and felt, with a word on what certain citizens of Chicago did.

When the first news of the battle came over the wires, surgeons, nurses, and supplies for the wounded men were instantly got ready. Forty-eight nurses, eighteen surgeons, and supplies in vast abundance, were sent by the Chicago Sanitary Commission. I was earnestly requested to go, with a sort of power as director to the nurses, because I had been before, and could suggest from past experience what was best to be done. The Sanitary Com-

mission, like the wise virgins of the parable, had the lamps burning, and the oil in the vessels. It sent us through from Chicago to Cairo between five o'clock of the day, when the news came, and eight o'clock of the next morning; had a breakfast waiting for us; and was able to cut various pieces of red tape that had got knotted between our company and the first boat to start, — the "City of Louisiana;" and got us on board, with all we needed for supplies, in a marvellous short time. I need not write of our passage up the Tennessee. Our boat was beautifully fitted up to bring down the wounded, — full of nice clean beds, on small, compact, solid bedsteads, with nurses and attendants complete, and as nice as a new pin. She was fitted out at St. Louis. At Paducah, we passed the boat that was carrying Gen. Halleck to the field; saw him standing quietly on the upper deck, — a solid, iron-gray-looking man, every inch a soldier; and, in good time, we arrived at Pittsburg Landing. The whole region round about the battle-field is clothed in the garments of the first fresh summer. The woods are full of green leaves, flowers, red buds, and singing birds. The orchards — few, and far between — are in full blossom.

The gardens are as forward as ours at the end of May, and the wheat four or five inches high; but the soil, at this time, is soaked through and through with the heavy rains. It seems as if the cannon had broken the windows of heaven; and I find myself recalling what I used to read in the "Missionary Magazine," when I was a boy, — how the Heathen, when they wanted rain, would go out in great crowds, and beat their drums, or whatever would make a big sound; the good missionary telling them, meanwhile, how vain and foolish it was, yet telling us that there was rain, but not for their beating: and then I wonder whether they were not nearest right, working in a dark, dim way in the grooves of law.

We saw Pittsburg Landing through a heavy rain the whole time we were there, except for a few hours on Sunday morning. No description of the field itself is needed or can be given here. There is no town, — merely a great steep river-bank, wooded here and there; at the foot of the bank, a long line of steamboats, two or three deep, reaching well into the stream. On the crest of the bank were the tents and camp-fires of the men. We got ashore presently, and found mud so deep, and so churned by thousands of feet and wheels, as to be the most genuine mud I ever saw. Scores of bags of white corn were laid along the foot of the bank, forming a sort of wharf; left there, I suppose, to await transportation. They gradually became stepping-stones, sinking deeper as the hundreds of hapless mud-haters pass over them, thinking they will certainly be wasted, and feeling, that, if ever waste can be pardonable, it is here. Right up the bank, I found five or six dead men, some wrapped in their blankets (the soldier's coffin), and some bare of all but the garments they wore when they died. The rain beat pitilessly down upon them all day long. I stopped to look at them for a moment — common men; not beautiful when they were alive, ghastly now that they are dead — in the mud and rain; but I think of a time I can easily remember, when they must have been very beautiful to some poor mother, waiting, perhaps even now, to hear from her boy, who has gone beyond her life and ours into the great hereafter. I pick up a scrap of paper that lies near one, and make out that it is a letter, written from a place called Prairieville by a father or brother. There are words of hearty, homely cheer in it; but the letter and the man are alike silent beyond a certain line. At the crest of the bank, I came to the tents of the men, and more signs of the awful day, — dead bodies here and there, still unburied; and limbs shattered and cut

away, useless debris even to the living, who, a week ago, held them at priceless worth. But we cannot dwell with the dead; and our great purpose is to see whether we cannot save some brave fellows who are near to death. The steamboats are gradually filling with wounded men; and to care for them is our sole business. On the boat, as we came up the river, we got into working order. Doctors and nurses were classified and organized. Each doctor had his own nurses to go with him wherever he went. "God bless the Sanitary Commission!" many a brave man said in my hearing; and I feel like echoing that cry.

We found the steamboats loaded with wounded men, and almost destitute of stores. The army officers here, as everywhere, are like the foolish virgins, — lamps out, and no oil. The wise virgins, this time, did give of their oil: they were there for that purpose. Drs. Rea, Lynn, Ingalls, Gillette, and Miller, with thirteen nurses, were detailed to the "Hiawatha," to take charge of, I think, two hundred and eighty-five wounded. I went with them; and what was done there is a fair sample of how things are done all round. We found the steamboat bare, — no beds, no medicines, no stores; some male nurses, clever only at shirking; some female ditto, remarkable for hoops. From the army supply we were able to get flour, and swap it with another boat for bread, sugar, beef-tea, lint, sponges, soap, towels, quinine, nitrate of silver, a hundred bed-sacks, sixty to eighty cots, and a few minor articles. From the Sanitary Commission we get isinglass, plaster, morphine, spirits, sponges, chloroform, wine, brandy, apples, butter, ale, eggs, lemons, oranges, solidified milk, jellies, apple-butter, soft rags (one of the most precious treasures after a battle), sheets, drawers, shirts, pillows, pads, buckets, brooms, pearl-barley, sago, adhesive plaster, tea (first-rate), quilts, blankets, comforters, bed-sacks, under-

shirts, and a vast number of minor articles. These things did not come in sparse measure, but in plenty; not with vast labor, and running miles to get them: but Mr. Patton and Dr. Douglas were there, and put them on board for us; and then said heartily, "Now, can we do any thing else?" This, however, is not true of all the boats. Cincinnati sent three or four, fitted up most generously with every thing. St. Louis has two equally good. But the mere Government-boat, put in at the last moment, is a deplorable thing. The "City of Memphis," sent down ahead of us, and bare of supplies and nurses, lost *forty men*, if I am rightly informed. Our boat, cared for by the Sanitary Commission, and the Chicago surgeons and nurses, lost only one, — Capt. Stephens, of Dixon, — who said to me, a little while before he died, "I was not fit to go on the field. I had the flux very bad, and was weak: but I felt that I was needed, and that my country might not count me unfit; so I went through it. My leg was taken off, and I shall die; but I am peaceful. I have done my duty." Among those two hundred and eighty-five men, many of them officers of intelligence, I gathered the only clear ideas and conclusions I was able to come to concerning the battle. I will give them as I got them. They were so evidently the true convictions of the men, that I listened to them with the deepest interest; not so much because they *must* be true (though I think that is of great value), but, above all, because that is the way the *fighters* think, — not individually, but in masses. *First*, All, who said any thing about it, said that the fatal surprise of Sunday morning was the result of unpardonable negligence on the part of the commanders. The men themselves knew that the woods all about them were swarming with the enemy (I quote the exact phrases); but there was no effort made to get a clear knowledge of the real condition of things, and not

even a picket-guard sent out, until, perhaps, Saturday: and that this knowledge of a certain danger was near them, for which their officers made no provision, made the men feel unsteady and unstrung. If they could have known exactly what was hidden among the trees and ravines, they would have had better courage to grapple with it when it sprung upon them. So, when the enemy came, storming down with a fierce, determined onslaught, almost without parallel in battles, they were taken at a double disadvantage. They were outnumbered and dispirited at the same time. *Second*, The battle on Sunday was badly managed. The men said to me, "We would have fought; we meant to fight; we wanted to fight; we will fight: but we were outflanked every time. Just as sure as we made a stand, we had to fight superior numbers, put where they could do as they liked; and we could only do as we could. We did run away: we don't deny it. We got under the bank, and staid there. We could not come out. Why? Because it was no use. If a man gives his life, he wants to get the worth of it." *Third*, The Tennessee River, the gunboats, and Col. Webster, saved Grant's division, on Sunday afternoon, from a second Bull Run, or annihilation. The river held the troops in; and the gunboats, with the batteries skilfully placed by Col. Webster, protected them until Buell came up. Not a man or a steamboat, probably, would have been left but for these cannon. *Fourth*, These same men, who had run on Sunday, went in with Buell's men on Monday. Fragments of regiments, patched together in the haste of the morning, gathered new spirit when they knew what they had to do; and the universal testimony is, that they fought well, — never men fought better than those that went back to fight again. *Fifth*, The battle on Monday *was a battle* on the part of the enemy, in which he apparently did his utmost before he began to retreat. He did

not mean to retreat; but he had to do so, because we beat him back. Still, while on the Sunday we were routed, on the Monday *he* retreated, and was not routed. His retreat was well done. Such is the universal testimony. The cavalry made very little impression on him in the retreat; for three reasons: first, his forces were well ordered; second, the roads were bad for cavalry; and, third, they could not tell what sort of a trap might be set for them in the woods. I inquired diligently after the idea of the men as to the final result; and it was, that we are about where we were a week before the battle, with a loss of eight thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing; yet that, with every desire to see fair, the prestige of the battle remains finally with our forces. As soon as we fought at all on equal terms, our men beat them without a shadow of a doubt. The men everywhere, wounded and well, are in good heart. I saw no sign of depression anywhere beyond what comes out of pain, and loss of blood. The men look serious, as if they had grown older; but I did not speak to a man who did not say we can beat the enemy every time, if we get fair play.

The Forty-first Illinois, reported to be a poor fighter at Fort Donelson, gets great praise at Pittsburg Landing, as one of the bravest and steadiest regiments in the field. I inquired of the men, who had been prisoners during Sunday night, how they were treated. I did not find one who was treated badly. One man alone said, "Two Secesh soldiers came in to where I was laid, and began to swear at me. One of them said he would have my cap, and was taking it; when I called out to an officer, who had them both put under arrest." I noticed a much larger percentage of amputations among the men we brought down from Pittsburg Landing than among those we brought from Fort Donelson; but, while the severely wounded were

worse, the other cases were better than before. The proportion of badly wounded did not seem to be so large. The brave, cheerful spirit of the wounded men was wonderful. They bore their great burdens of pain with a noble patience touching to see. One old grizzly warrior, shot in the neck, bared his breast, when the doctor asked him whether he had ever been wounded before, and showed scars all over from fighting in Europe. A soldier nursed his brother, who had his leg shot off, and was delirious, from Sunday to Sunday, on one hour's sleep. I talked to him a few minutes last Sunday. He said, "Oh! Joe was such a good fellow! I would nurse him two weeks more, and not sleep a wink, if I could get him well." The soldiers enjoy, with great zest, the one queer thing they have been able to hear of in connection with the battle. I must premise that they are at deadly enmity with the hard biscuit: some sorts, bearing the brand "B.C.," they declare were made before the Advent. They are in high glee now about a poor fellow whose leg was fractured. He could find no splint strong enough to use for it; so took a biscuit, which answered perfectly. On our boat, the "Hiawatha," Miss Safford of Cairo, whose praise is in all the hospitals, cheerfully volunteered to help us; and did tirelessly what only a true woman can do, — suggesting and preparing what the men would like; and was the good angel of the time. Drs. Rea, Lynn, Ingalls, Gillette, and Miller, each did faithfully and skilfully whatever of surgery was to be done; carefully perfecting the hasty work of the battle-field, and lifting great burdens from some who had been treated unskilfully. And all day and all night long our nurses were true to their trust, bearing about from one to another fresh water, comforting food and drink, tender words and tender hands and tender hearts; and the men, through their tears, thanked them for what they did, never

thinking that it was a vast debt the country owed and was trying to pay them. At Mound City, where our wounded were placed, the hospitals are in beautiful condition, and the utmost efforts made to make all the sick and wounded thoroughly comfortable.

ROBERT COLLYER, *Minister at Large.*

CHICAGO, April 17, 1862.

MISSIONARY REPORT.

CAMP N. P. BANKS,
Near ROLLA, Mo., March 23, 1862.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

DEAR BROTHER, — As the editor of the "Monthly Journal of the American Unitarian Association," and a member of the Executive Committee, I address my report of missionary labor to you. It is written in my tent, with the March winds from the neighboring hills blowing around me, and the wooden box that constitutes my writing-desk shaking with the flapping of the canvas. It is the Christian sabbath; and I have just held a missionary-service, in the Court House of the town, to a promiscuous assembly of citizens and soldiers. Last Sunday, I did the same thing by invitation of the commander of the port, Col. S. H. Boyd, who had the building specially prepared for the purpose; and six companies of the Lyon Regiment (the other four having marched on) were present, and assisted in the service, — reading the responses, and conducting the singing. To-day, none of the regiment are here, having marched forward towards Springfield; from whence we go to the seat of war in Arkansas. To-morrow, I set out alone on horseback to overtake them on the road.

Our service to-day was well attended, considering that it is a cold, raw day, and the Court House has no means of being warmed. Half of the audience were ladies. Some of them, who were from New England, came and greeted me very cordially at the close; and a Mr. and Mrs. Beal took me home to dine. When I reached their house, I found they were taking care of a sick captain and his lieutenant, who are serving in the Union Army; and ministering to them as only New-England people can. This family have been driven from their home at Salem, — a Secession community lying south of this. Mr. Beal was a prisoner among the rebels for several weeks, but was finally released. He and his family were from Plymouth County, Mass.; and, although they have joined the Methodist Church, they are decidedly liberal Christians.

On last sabbath, I gave the audience several packages of "Monthly Journals" I had brought with me; and, to-day, as many more of the "Christian Inquirer." They were taken, and read with avidity; and I had not enough to give all who wanted.

You will be surprised when I tell you that this town — the county seat of Phelps County, a place of a thousand inhabitants, and an important military post — has neither a church, a settled minister, nor a schoolhouse. A Methodist circuit-preacher, however, was present at my services to-day, and says he has come here to try and gather a congregation and build a meeting-house. He concluded the services for me, and showed a very liberal and Christian spirit. I hope he may be able to accomplish much good. A school has also been recently established in a private house.

Until the Lyon Regiment came here, there had been no observance of the sabbath; stores, saloons, and places of business, being open the same as on the other days of the

week. But we intend to carry our religion and civilization with us wherever we go. The service and hymn book I have prepared for the army we find very useful. When we are encamped, and can occupy a place of worship, we use the full service. When we are in the field, and worship in the open air (the men standing), we confine ourselves to the exhortation, Lord's Prayer, a psalm read alternately, a hymn, and sermon fifteen minutes long.

The commander of the regiment (Col. Isaac F. Shepard) and the staff and company officers give their influence and example to these services; and this secures the interest of the whole command. The responses and the litany are always read with a sincere and earnest devotion; and the exercises are varied from time to time by reading the Commandments, the Psalms, and the Scripture-lessons, according to the various circumstances in which we are placed.

Permit me, in this connection, to acknowledge the receipt of several contributions towards the expense of this little work, from the following friends: Mrs. Lydia Wood, of Springfield, Ill., $5; Rev. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis, $10; Mrs. Nahum Ward, of Marietta, O., $5; Hon. Albert Fearing, of Boston, $20; Henry Claflin, Esq., of Boston, $10; Miss Mary E. Howe, of Cambridge, $4; Rev. E. Buckingham, of Troy, N.Y., $4; R. S. Bennison, Esq., of Quincy, Ill., $5; William Pettes, Esq., of Tremont, Ill., $1; Robert Hosea, of Cincinnati, $5. As I have given away largely of the edition to the soldiers, these contributions have assisted me very materially, at a time when I could not afford the outlay I had made for the publication. As I am still at a loss on this account, and would be glad to publish a new edition, — both for the soldiers and for missionary purposes, — letters directed to me at Alton, Ill., will reach my family; and additional contributions will be gratefully received. Copies of the book

will also be sent to any friend requesting it, as long as any of the first thousand remain. The book, with a different title, has been adopted as a service and hymn book by the Unitarian congregation at Vandalia, Ill.; to which I have preached once a month for the past year.

As I have commenced my report at the last end, I must now go back to the beginning. On the 1st of October last, I resigned my charge to accept the position of chaplain in the Lyon Regiment, Third Missouri Volunteers, then organizing at St. Louis, or to devote myself wholly to missionary labors, as Providence might call me. For four months the regiment (then the Nineteenth Missouri) remained a battalion, and I could not receive my commission. I continued, till the present month, to visit Vandalia monthly, where our cause has gained considerable strength; and the other three sabbaths in each month I give to our sick and convalescent soldiers in the St. Louis hospitals, with occasional services to our own battalion. Two weeks ago, I joined my regiment permanently; and am now devoting myself chiefly to its moral, religious, and humanitary interests.

On leaving St. Louis, the Western Sanitary Commission gave me a large supply of woollen socks, mittens, combs, and hospital-stores, for our regiment, which I give out from time to time as they are needed. In mid-winter, I distributed to the men five hundred and fifty pairs of mittens, knit chiefly by the women of New England. From the same source, contributed by the agent of the Bible Society, I received six hundred copies of the New Testament, half of them in German and half in the English language, as our regiment is nearly equally composed of Germans and Americans. These I have given out to nearly all our men that were unsupplied, besides giving to prisoners and to the sick in the port-hospital at this place.

In this work I find all my time occupied and profitably spent. When we are encamped in these Western towns, I will preach one part of each sabbath to such communities as are destitute of the gospel (and there are many such in Missouri), giving the rest of my time to our own regiment. Thus I shall fulfil, as far as possible, the duties of a missionary during the war, as well as those of a chaplain. Should I be spared to return from the war, it will be to some missionary field in the West, to which I am more and more inclined; finding that the apostolic method of spreading the gospel is a more effectual one than the confinement of one's self to a single church.

Trusting that you will accept this report, hastily written under constant interruption, as a satisfactory fulfilment of my engagements with the Association for the past year,

I remain your friend and brother,

J. G. FORMAN.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

Editor of the "MONTHLY JOURNAL:" —

WHEN I read Thomas Hill's letter in the last week's "Inquirer," concerning the church at Cincinnati, which was first printed in your "Journal" as a supplement to my blundering report of the Western churches at the close of the year, and said to myself, "What does this mean, that the supplement is printed where, so far as I remember, the report was not?" I felt sure that the friends there consider themselves slighted, and are pained in some tender place. Now, I have neither a good memory nor a poor one. I tried faithfully, in the few minutes

I could spare, to remember all. I had no list to refer to at the moment. I thought of Conway Church there, because I thought of Conway, which I do very often with exceeding admiration and affection; but I am really sorry to say that I forgot the sister-church as completely as if it never had been born. I can only say that this was all wrong, and take the consequences; and rejoice that Brother Hill made a special point of reporting their faithful endeavor to carry out their own idea of what a church should be. Let all have a fair field in our broad and catholic affirmation of the true churches. We, of all men who call themselves Christians, should maintain the right to be on the right or left, without proscription among ourselves. If there be schools of theology among us, why may we not treat them as we treat schools of medicine? — take that which we believe the best, let our friends take what they deem best, and be kindly affectioned one to another, though we may not be ready to take each other's physic for the soul any more than for the body. I think the whole blame of this omission, however, does not rest on me. A church, like a man, is only half made until it is married. It will be a day of rejoicing to us all when our friends there espouse a pastor. They are singular among churches, if they can thrive without the constant care and oversight of a man devoted to the work. Churches only grow in that way. Of course, it is easy to say, "Brother Collyer had better mind his own business." Well, his own business this time is to urge a church, that lies near the hearts of all good men in the West, to step forward, and take the place it has a right to: then there can be no danger that it can ever be forgotten. R. C.

Chicago, April 17, 1862.

HINDOO MISSION.

Calcutta, Feb. 8, 1862.

Dear Brother, — Once more in my place in the Mission House, I allow no regular (half-monthly) mail to go out from Calcutta to England or America without bringing you word of how we are and what we are doing. The points I now note for you and our friends are such as, (1.) The large increase of vitality manifested by the Hindoo or Vedic Unitarian movement, and just now celebrated in an unusually happy and over-crowded anniversary, held at their Central Hall, in *Jorosanko*, — the heart of old or "black" Calcutta. You remember, they call themselves "children of the Creator," — "*Brahmos;*" *not* "Vedantists" (i.e., they are not believers in the miraculous inspiration of the *Vedant*, or cream of the Vedas). They believe that all revelations must be in the soul, and say that book-revelations are impossible. A leading member of the Colootollah Brahmo *Sumaj* (Church), whose fine, conscientious face has been familiar to me for half a dozen years, is now at my elbow. He has come for a lecture for his Sumaj; says their hall will accommodate two hundred hearers; and the subject they will widely publish, if I will tell him what it shall be. I give him "England and her Religion." I met, at their grand anniversary (which I dare not attempt to describe minutely, lest I have room for nothing else), Rev. Mr. Bomwetch, of the *Church Mission;* who, strongly opposed as I imagine him to be to *Christian* Unitarianism, seemed to rejoice greatly in the progress of Polytheists into the simple and absolute Unity, — the "Ekum ebad dwiteeum;" and their worshipping the Spirit infinitely *one and secondless.* So, if he, surely we. (2.) Next to this Bramo triumph, let me record the hap-

py fact, that I re-opened our regular Sunday services in the Mission House, Lower Hall, — liturgical services they always are, and unite the voices of *all* in Scripture reading, hymn and prayer, — with an attendance of *seventy* persons; the larger part being pupils of our School of Useful Arts. It was evident that many of these came out of curiosity mainly. Yet it was pleasant to have them stay, and take part in the services. Last Sunday, the number thinned off to forty-two or three; but *this* again, I think, is a larger audience of *Hindoo* worshippers of "our Father" than is usually assembled in any church in Calcutta. The library is presently to be opened to all regular Sunday comers. The curiosity to read and hear, on the part of most of them, is perfectly Athenian. They willingly hear and read every thing. I speak now of Englishly educated Hindoos, of whom Calcutta has its thousands. You may, then, heartily rejoice in God's blessing on our Sunday services, — "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over," compared with the largest attendance we have ever enjoyed hitherto. Why Mr. Cress should have had no such gatherings, I can hardly understand, except when I think how much larger audiences Brother Winkley would gather than the most eloquent stranger who should try to stand in his shoes. It is personal influence, and not transferable. (3.) To pass to another point, which will equally interest our religious sympathizers both in Old and New England. Without detriment to the school, our head teacher, Mr. Linghee, has openly — so far as any thing short of baptism can do it — declared himself a follower of Christ. I have prepared a record, containing several "steps" to the complete and irreversible profession of allegiance to Jesus Christ our Lord. The fourth and last step includes baptism, and self-consecration to the church of Christ in the most solemn and public manner. The *first step* is, "I am a scholar of

Jesus Christ, and seek to know him as a loving guide to God." *Twenty-seven* names have been put upon this record (accessible to all eyes) during the last fortnight. The *second step* is, "I am a follower of Jesus Christ, convinced that he is a man that has told me the truth of God" (John viii. 40). Six names have also been put upon *this* record; always with some delay and struggle, and amid many who refuse and hold back. (4.) We have sent out lately several donations of books to individuals and libraries, some in Southern and some in Northern India. We have frequent applications — almost daily — for our tracts.

Your brother, DALL.

Abstract of the Income and Expenditure of the USEFUL-ARTS SCHOOL, *for the year* 1861.

INCOME.

	rs.	*a.*	*p.*
Cash advanced by Rev. Mr. Dall	3,482	9	1
Subscriptions, including a thousand rupees from the Bengal Government	1,425	0	0
School-fees	2,085	6	4
Interest from bank	14	5	10
	7,007	5	3

EXPENDITURE.

	rs.	*a.*	*p.*
Salaries to teachers	3,410	6	0
Bazar, and servants' wages	1,236	8	5
House-rent and taxes	1,346	6	6
Advertising, printing, and stationery	396	7	0
Furniture and repairs	180	12	6
Incidental	83	8	8
Cash in bank on 31st December	353	4	2
	7,007	5	3

CALCUTTA, 16th January, 1862.

Certified by (sd.) JAMES SCOTT.

A true copy. Witness: PHILIP W. C. BOSE.
Also witness: CH. A. DALL.

N.B. — The usual £50 from the London Calcutta Fund were not sent this year, 1861.

"EATING AND DRINKING UNWORTHILY."

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Boston, April 1, 1862.

Dear Sir, — Some time ago, you had an article on this subject; and promised a continuation, — a second part, — which does not come. *En attendant*, let me give you a few thoughts of my own on the subject, which is certainly an interesting one. The passage to which we refer is as follows: —

1 Cor. xi. 29: "For he that eateth unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

Some persons, when they read this passage, understand it to mean, that no one who is a sinner must partake of the Lord's Supper; which is the exact opposite to what it really means. A superstitious error in relation to the Lord's Supper results from this opinion. I believe that the true meaning of the passage is very different and very important; and I will now attempt to show what it really is.

Roman Catholics believe that the Lord's body is the physical body of Jesus, mysteriously hidden under the form of bread and wine. Protestants usually believe that the Lord's body is not his real body of flesh and blood actually present, but that the bread and wine is its symbol. With the Catholics, to discern the Lord's body is to believe in a supernatural change of the elements into flesh and blood: with the Protestants, to discern the Lord's body means to perceive in these elements a symbol of the death of Jesus.

But there is another sense in which this phrase, "the Lord's body," is used in the New Testament, especially by the apostle who wrote this passage.

"The Lord's body," with him, often means the Christian Church, or community of Christian believers. This may be his meaning here; and, if so, it will entirely change the sense of the passage. Let us, therefore, see if we have any reason for thinking that this was his meaning. In one place he says, "We, being many, are one body in Christ, and members of each other." Again: "Your bodies are the members of Christ." Again: "By one spirit are we all baptized into one body." And still more plainly: "Now, ye are the body of Christ." And yet again: "God has made Christ to be head over all things in his Church, which is his body." And so, in other places, he speaks of apostles and prophets being given in order to edify the body of Christ.

From such passages as these, which might be considerably multiplied, it is apparent that the Apostle Paul habitually spoke of the Christian Church as the body of Christ. In the present instance, he was blaming the Corinthians for their want of sympathy with each other in their religious meetings. They appear to have been divided into small cliques and parties, who sat apart from each other, and ate and drank by themselves, without any sympathy or hospitality. They brought their food to the church, and ate and drank in separate sets; some having more than they wanted, and others being left hungry. The apostle therefore tells them, that, when they eat and drink in this way, they do not discern the Lord's body: that is, they do not perceive that the Church is the body of Christ; that every Christian is a member of Christ's body; that, if one is his hand, another is his foot; that they need each other mutually; and that Christ needs them all to work for him: for, if they felt this, they could not be so careless of each other's feelings, or so indifferent to each other's needs. The sense that they all

belonged to one body would make them sympathize with each other.

According to this explanation, "to eat and drink unworthily" means to eat and drink in a manner unbecoming a Christian community. Not to "discern the Lord's body" means not to perceive that they all were members of a corporation of which Christ was the head. And, finally, "to eat and drink damnation" is to condemn themselves by their own behavior; showing by their conduct that they had not the spirit of Christ, and were quite unworthy of belonging to him. The word "damnation," here, by no means refers to future punishment, but rather to present judgment. By their eating and drinking in this selfish, sectarian way, they pronounce judgment on themselves. Their own acts demonstrated that their spirit was not a Christian spirit.

We have seen, that to partake of the Lord's Supper unworthily means not to have a spirit of Christian brotherhood: not to discern the Lord's body means not to perceive that the Church is his body. The great evil among the Corinthians, which the apostle reproves, was their want of brotherly love. The same want now produces the same evils, and needs the same reproof.

Those who do not discern the Lord's body, are those, for example, who think that the elements themselves are Christ's body. They do not discern Christ's body in the Church, because they think that it is in the bread and wine. When Christ instituted the Supper, he took bread, and brake it, and gave it among them, saying, "This is my body, which is broken for you." What did he mean by that? He meant that his death was to be a new tie to unite them together; that it was to be a blessing to them all, by inspiring them with a new love; and, as each took a piece of the bread, so each was to be united with the

others by sharing the same convictions and the same faith. The breaking the bread among them was a sacrament, and pledge of union among them. Paul argues, "We, who are many, become one bread, and so one body, because we all partake of the same bread." I believe the idea of Christ was, in calling the bread his body, that when they partook of it, as it was distributed among them, they should feel that they had all now been united as his body. Those, therefore, who regard the bread as his body, instead of the Church, stop short of his idea half way. If a person thinks that he partakes of Christ's body by partaking of the consecrated symbols, he deceives himself; for, in order to partake of Christ's body, he must take part with others in the service of Christ. Thus he becomes, in reality, a member of Christ.

It follows, from what we have seen, that, though there may be different classes of persons who do not discern the Lord's body, they all resemble each other in this; namely, that they fail of realizing the great truth, that the Church is the body of Christ.

There are four things which prevent this discernment: first, a sacramental view of Christianity; second, a doctrinal view of Christianity; thirdly, an emotional view; and, fourthly, individualism.

Those do not discern the body of Christ who regard Christianity as something sacramental. The Roman Catholic, who believes that the bread and wine is the body of Christ, made so by some mysterious change, must, of course, fail to see that the Church itself is his body; but Protestants also, who partake of the Lord's Supper as a mysterious sacrament, fall into a like error. The broken bread and the wine represent the communion of Christians with each other and their Master. Every thing which renders this act formal and mysterious interferes with its real meaning.

In the next place, those who regard Christianity as a doctrinal system — as a collection of doctrines to be believed — must necessarily become more or less sectarian and narrow. Sectarianism cannot discern the body of Christ. It only recognizes those who think like itself as belonging to it. It sees a few of the members of Christ's body, but not the whole.

In the third place, emotional Christianity does not discern the body of Christ; for, when Christianity is made to consist entirely of emotions, it soon ceases to perceive the value of truth on the one side, and obedience on the other. It is as though we should regard the heart as constituting the whole body, omitting the head and the hands. Again: individualism in all its forms fails to discern the Lord's body. If we consider it the object of Christianity merely to educate the individual, then moral discipline and personal culture absorb all the interest, and prevent us from perceiving the importance of Christian communion.

In fine, to discern the Lord's body is to feel the presence of Christ in every part of the Christian Church; to feel that all Christians belong to Jesus, and are doing his work in the world, each in his own way. It is to sympathize with all parts of the Church, to forget discords and divisions, to co-operate and sympathize with every one who cares for Jesus. Neither exclusiveness nor sectarianism nor bigotry nor aristocracy nor individualism can partake worthily of the Lord's Supper. The Corinthians, to whom Paul is speaking, were exclusive and aristocratic: they were divided among themselves. This had gone so far, that they ate and drank apart; they had no sympathy with the poor: so that, instead of partaking of the Lord's Supper, they condemned themselves, and showed themselves, by their own conduct, to be without the spirit of Christ.

Yours truly, SCRUTATOR.

"WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?"

A LETTER TO UNITARIANS.

Dear Friends, — What is it to be a Christian? To this question we know that very different answers are given. Some persons think that a Christian is one who has a certain belief, and that Christianity is essentially a matter of opinion. Another class think that a Christian is one who has passed through a certain experience, and that Christianity is essentially a matter of feeling and emotion: it consists in specific emotions of fear and hope, penitence and joy. Again: there are others who think that a Christian is one who has become a member of a church, and that Christianity consists in certain forms of worship, — a certain liturgy and ritual, rites and sacraments. Then there are others, again, who say that Christianity consists in practical goodness, in obedience, in doing right, in works of righteousness. To this last class, most of us, I presume, belong. We believe with the poet Wordsworth, who, being asked whether he was a Christian, replied, "When I am a good man, *then* I am a Christian." We do not believe that God lays so much stress on right opinion as the Church has done. We do not expect to be asked, in the Day of Judgment, whether we believed with Athanasius or Sabellius about the Trinity; but whether we have walked in the Spirit, following the Son and obeying the Father. Nor do we believe in the necessity of all men going through the same stages of religious feeling, or the same round of ceremony and worship. We profess to be practical Christians, who show their faith and feelings by their works.

This being so, it seems proper to ask, "What do ye more than others?" If you believe in *doing*, what is it that you *do?* I do not find that those who talk the most

about practical religion always do more than others. Calvinists, who expect to be saved by believing the Atonement, often are as charitable and upright, honest and generous and true, as though they expected to be saved by their works. Methodists, who think the only sign of true Christianity is a great deal of religious feeling, are very apt to be humane and self-denying, and full of active virtue. Catholics, who look for a sacramental salvation, and rely upon the masses and sacraments of their church for acceptance with God, are often as full of real goodness, conscientiousness, and kindness, as any others. All this is a beautiful proof that a flood of Christian life is flowing through the Church, and that all sincere Christians partake of it, and are animated by it to deeds of righteousness and love.

But if we, my Unitarian friends, take the ground (which I believe to be the true ground), that Christianity is essentially practical, — not something to be believed; not something to be felt; not a creed, an emotion, or a ceremony, but a life, — I ask again, Ought we not to do *more* than others? Except we do more, we do less; for other Christians excel us in devotion to creeds, forms, and emotions. Except we excel them in the practical part of religion, we fall behind them.

"But is there any thing left for us to do?" you may perhaps ask. "Is there any thing but to prune off their excesses, correct their extravagances of doctrine, their enthusiasm of feeling, their too great idolatry of forms and ceremonies? Can we do more than teach a more rational theology, a more liberal Christianity, and, moderating their peculiarities, prepare the way for a broad union on grounds of morality already common to all?"

It seems to me that there is. Besides this negative work, which practical Christians have done and are doing; besides these criticisms on the theology and the methods

of other denominations, — we have a positive work to do, which we have scarcely begun; a work which, if we faithfully perform it, will introduce a more glorious era for the Church of Christ than has ever been known.

If Christianity is a work, it is a work to which *all of life* should be devoted. It is a work not to be done on Sundays only; not merely when at our devotions and meditations: but we should be about this work at all hours, at all times. The Christian lives, or should live, only to serve Christ. Christians commonly suppose that they may devote the largest part of their lives to worldly pursuits, — to making money or getting power, — provided they devote a small part to prayer, to worship, and certain specific duties. But the practical Christian ought to consider himself a soldier of the cross *at all times;* and that he lives for no other end than to cause God's kingdom to come, and his will to be done. The specific work he has to do — the end of his life — is to cause Christ to be known, loved, and obeyed; to cause Christian principles to reign in men's hearts and lives. The work of the practical Christian, whether a minister or layman, a man or woman, is precisely the same, though his means are different. The minister labors, by preaching, to spread the knowledge and love of Christ: the lay Christian labors to spread the knowledge and love of Christ by conversation, by example, by the beauty of holiness in his own life.

To understand that this is our duty is to believe in Christ; to begin this work is to become a real Christian; to love this work, and to put our heart in it, is to have the spirit of Christ. Christianity becomes *very* simple, but very profound and majestic, when we take this view of it. All that is formal, narrow, austere, falls off from it. It becomes large as the embracing air, beautiful as an autumn morning, joyous as the carol of a bird, solemn as the majestic roll of the mighty ocean. The work of every Chris-

tian, the end of his life, the object of his daily prayers, should be to make others Christians; to spread such an influence around him by his words and actions, by his spirit and life, that others may be led to love that truth which he loves, to see the beauty of that holiness which he ever worships in the depths of his soul. Let me adduce one or two considerations to show that no man ought to regard himself as a Christian, till he is willing thus, like the early disciples, to leave all to follow Christ.

That this *was* the idea of the early disciples is a strong reason for believing it the true idea still. All Christians, at first, considered it their duty to spread Christianity. They did not pay a minister to instruct them once a week in Christian duty, while they spent the rest of their time in worldly cares. The body then was fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplied; and, by the effectual working of every part, there was made increase of the body. Every Christian was a missionary. The brethren who were scattered abroad all went preaching the Word. They were all fellow-workers in one great cause, companions in one glorious ministry. I will not quote texts in proof it, since you cannot open a single Epistle anywhere without finding proof of it; but I ask, if any passage can be shown which indicates that Christians were ever to be any thing else than fellow-workers with Christ?

And does not every Christian feel, at first, that he ought to do more than others for the advancement of God's kingdom? In the freedom and glow of his first love, he looks around for opportunities of serving his Master. "Is there no sick or poor or desolate person whom I can help and comfort? Can I not teach some little children the way to God? Cannot I make myself useful, in the Church or out of it? By my presence and sympathy where Christians meet together, even though I do not speak,

may I not be useful?" But, too soon, the contagion of indolence and indifference touches the new convert. He sees that others, who have long professed Christianity, attend more to their farms and merchandise than to any interest of truth and righteousness; and so he too, like them, comes to think, that, if he takes care of his own soul, he has done enough. But is not that early ardor, and longing for Christian usefulness, the true and right state of mind? Instead of dying away, ought it not to grow stronger every day? Instead of doing less than at first, ought we not to do more? Ought we ever to be weary in well-doing? Ought not an experienced Christian to do more for Christ than a young disciple?

Christ says to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Christians, who have a law of righteousness in their souls, ought to live by it, and show it; and so give law to the world. By uncompromising fidelity to principle, they are to reform the abuses of the times, the evil tendencies of the age: but if they cease to be aggressive, cease to rebuke sin by a living example of righteousness; if they consult expediency instead of principle, — then the salt has lost its savor, and is henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and trampled under foot of men. If they have light, they must let their light shine. If God has given them five talents, they must make other five talents.

When God calls on us to believe in Christ, he calls on us to be fellow-workers with Christ. We are invited to take up our cross and to follow him. We are to deny ourselves ease, and forego the love of popularity and human applause. We are not to say to our soul, "Take thine ease, eat and drink;" but to gird ourselves for a perpetual conflict with the world and the flesh. But what a compensation there is for all this! If we renounce working for ourselves, we have the delight of taking part in a great cause, for which saints and heroes before us have labored,

apostles preached, and martyrs died. If we have no home and no rest here, we have a rest which remains for us, and a home which Christ has prepared in his Father's house. Who is the happy and fortunate man, — he who is working only for himself and alone; or he who feels himself to be working for God, and attended by the sympathy of the purest and noblest spirits of all time?

Now, friends, it seems to me, that if those who believe in *practical Christianity* will take this view of life, and act up to it, there will be no occasion for the reproach, "What do ye more than others?" for they cannot help doing more than others. This is the work which remains for them to do, — to show how Christianity can be carried directly into all of life, and how all men can be preachers of righteousness in the midst of industrial pursuits and material interests; to show that, —

> "Being good and doing good,
> Are laboring, Lord, with thee.
> Charity is gratitude;
> And piety, best understood,
> Is sweet humanity."

This is a work which those only can do who regard Christianity as essentially something to be done. Those who think that God's kingdom will come when all adopt the right creed, must, of course, devote themselves, first, to making proselytes to that creed; and therefore, by supporting theologians, and circulating books for its defence, they think they take the best steps to convert the world to Christ. Those who think that God's kingdom will come when all become members of the true Church, must, in like manner, do their work for Christ by supporting the priests and ordinances of their true Church. But if you, my friends, believe that God's kingdom will come when men are ready to obey his law of love and righteousness, you need not do your work vicariously by the hands of ministers and theologians. No; but you may now dedicate your whole lives to the service of Christ.

Perhaps I may be thought unjust in saying, that the majority of Christians do not attempt more than a partial service of God; but the subject of this letter was suggested to me by a sermon I lately heard preached from this text, in a neighboring town, to a congregation composed of the church-members of four Orthodox societies. After the preacher had shown that Christians ought to do more than others, he proceeded to point out *what* they should do. He said that they should do more than be just in their dealings, charitable to the suffering, attentive at church on Sunday; because those who were *not* Christians often did all this. But he said, that, in addition, they ought to attend prayer meetings, and be punctual at their private devotions, in daily reading of the Scriptures, and in sometimes speaking to their unconverted friends about the condition of their souls. This idea seemed to be, that every Christian owed a part of his time and means to God, and should employ that portion in his service; but the inference unavoidably was, that the rest was his own, to be employed for himself and for temporal ends, provided that, in so using it, he violated no law of morality and common right.

A higher, nobler, better way than this is open before us. Be satisfied with no less than to make it the object of all life, the aim of all effort, to convert the world to God. No man, I maintain, is a Christian, until he does this. Judge every thing which comes to you, by this rule: "Will it cause God's kingdom to come for me to do this? Can I serve my Master by my conduct in this transaction, in this matter of trade, in this operation of commerce?" A new and startling element will this be in the history of the Church, when we have missionaries in State Street and on Long Wharf! What an immense expansion of Christian influence, when it shall be seen going out thus into the high ways and hedges to compel men to come in; when a spirit of religious awe and love shall move along the crowded

streets, and God shall be felt visibly present in the transactions of every hour! Then will those haunts of pollution and shame, which Christians have left undisturbed by the side of their churches, be penetrated and purified by that Holy Ghost which breathes where it will. Then shall the horrors and abominations of war; the brutal tyranny of slaveholding; the hard selfishness, which, for the sake of a dollar wet with the tears of wives and children and dripping with blood, puts the intoxicating glass to the lips of a fellow-man, — melt down before the warmth of this revival of love and works. Then will newpapers and novels and ballrooms and theatres, now the instruments of frivolity and falsehood, become agencies to advance purity, truth, and holiness.

When Jesus preached his first discourse, he looked upon the fishermen, the publicans and sinners, around him, and said to them, "Except your righteousness exceed," &c. What an extraordinary demand that must have seemed! For the Pharisees were the straitest sect, — Jewish Puritans, — who were very particular to exceed the requisitions of the law. They said, "If the law commands any thing, do a *little more;* if it forbids, do a *little less;*" and called this little more the *hem* or *seam* of the commandment! But Jesus saw, that, if they added a seam in one direction, they took out a *breadth* in another; that they paid tithes of mint, and forgot the weightier matters.

So now, in speaking to liberal Christians, to practical Christians, we must say, "Except your righteousness exceed that of the most zealous sects of the Orthodox, — the most self-denying churches, — you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." You must do more than they all: for they give *part* of their life to zealous activity; but you must give the *whole* of yours to faithful service. They work zealously for the spread of their *creeds*, for the increase of their *sect*, believing this the true way of serving Christ; but you must in all your action, by the total influ-

ence of your life, seek to advance liberty, holiness, and love in the world. All other ends of life must be made secondary and ancillary to this. Self-culture and household affection, acquisition of knowledge, cultivation of taste, accomplishment, enjoyment, and even daily duty, — these must all be subservient to the great work of winning souls to God, and causing his love to fill the hearts of the world.

And, now, are we prepared to enter on this work, and make this the work of our body? If we are, we shall build the happiness, goodness, and culture of our body on a rock: if not, we shall build all upon the sand.

A Friend to Unitarians.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

April 14, 1862. — Present, Messrs. Hedge, Emerson, Lincoln, C. W. Clark, J. F. Clarke, Brigham, Newell, Stebbins, Hinckley, Sawyer, Nichols, and Fox.

The Committee on Western Correspondence presented a report on the letters of Rev. J. G. Forman, referred to them at the last meeting; which was accepted; and, in accordance with their recommendation, $50 were voted to him for services rendered as missionary.

The Committee to whom was referred the subject of the Annual Meeting reported that it seemed to them best to have the business-meeting, at which the Annual Report should be read, in the forenoon, commencing at nine o'clock; and the public exercises in the evening: on which occasion there should be a single address, instead of having, as for some years past, short addresses from several persons. They also recommended that Rev. William Henry Channing be invited to deliver the address. In the course of the discussion which followed, it was sug-

gested that this change in the time of holding the meetings might interfere with arrangements already made for the Festival; and so it was voted to recommit the whole subject to the same Committee, with full powers.

The Secretary stated to the Board, that, since their last meeting, he had found it necessary, in order to meet the extensive demand, to reprint in tract-form the article on "Two Ways in Religion," contained in the March number of the "Monthly Journal." It was voted that the Secretary's action in the matter be approved.

The application for aid from the society in East Marshfield, which was laid on the table at the February meeting, was taken up; and the Treasurer was authorized to pay to them the sum of $50.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association will be held on Tuesday of Anniversary Week, May 27. The Association will meet at *nine o'clock*, A.M., to hear the reports of the Executive Committee and the Treasurer, to elect officers for the coming year, and to transact such other business as may regularly come before them. At this meeting, two amendments to article third of the by-laws will be acted upon, of which notice was given at the last Annual Meeting: the first striking out the clause which provides that four of the Directors shall be chosen from "different parts of the country;" and the second adding five more members; thus making the Executive Committee consist of eighteen persons, instead of thirteen as at present.

It is the earnest wish of the Committee, that, at this meeting, there should be a large attendance of the members of the Association; and it seems to them especially desirable that there should be a larger attendance, than for some years past, of *laymen*. It may be well, in this connection, to call attention to the following article of the by-laws: "An annual subscription of *one dollar* shall constitute a person a member, so long as such

subscription be paid; and a subscription of *thirty dollars* shall constitute a person a member for life." Should the time allowed on Tuesday forenoon prove insufficient for the business-meeting, it will be adjourned to the afternoon of the same day, or to the afternoon of Wednesday.

The *public* meeting will take place on Tuesday, at *eleven o'clock*, A.M.; at which an address will be delivered by Rev. William Henry Channing, of Washington.

Due notice will be given in the papers of the place where these meetings will be held.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. GEORGE F. CLARK, formerly of Norton, was installed as pastor of the society in Stow, Mass., on Wednesday, April 23. The order of services was as follows: Anthem; opening prayer, by Rev. Eugene De Normandie, of Littleton; reading from the Scriptures, by Rev. Linus H. Shaw, of Sudbury; original hymn; sermon, by Rev. William R. Alger, of Boston; prayer of installation, by Rev. William P. Tilden, of Fitchburg; charge, by Rev. Crawford Nightingale, of Groton; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Henry H. Barber, of Harvard; hymn; address to the people, by Rev. William C. Tenney, of Marlborough; concluding prayer, by Rev. Nathaniel O. Chaffee, of Bolton; anthem; benediction, by the pastor.

Rev. JOHN M. MARSTERS has resigned the charge of the Allen-street Society, North Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. SAMUEL W. M'DANIEL, of Northumberland, Penn., has received a call from the society in Feltonville, Mass.; and will enter upon his labors the 1st of July.

Rev. CHARLES T. CANFIELD has resigned the charge of the society in Uxbridge, Mass.

Rev. RUSHTON D. BURR has resigned the charge of the society in Brookfield, Mass.

Rev. J. L. HATCH, formerly pastor of the State-street Congregational (Orthodox) Society, Brooklyn, N.Y., has accepted a call from the society in South Hingham, Mass.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1862.			
Mar. 22.	From	Society in South Danvers, for Monthly Journals, additional	$4.00
„ 24.	„	Society in Somerville, as a donation	38.00
„ „	„	Society in Waltham, for Monthly Journal, additional	1.00
„ 25.	„	First Parish, Dorchester, for Monthly Journals	2.00
„ „	„	Society in Newburyport, for Monthly Journals	15.00
„ 28.	„	Society in Warwick, as a donation	8.00
„ 29.	„	subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Providence, R.I., by Rev. Dr. Hall	61.00
Apr. 2.	„	Barton-square Society, Salem, for Monthly Journals, additional	6.00
„ 4.	„	Society in Saco, Me., as a donation	44.00
„ „	„	Society in Concord, N.H., as a donation	15.00
„ „	„	Society in Saco, Me., for Monthly Journals	23.00
„ „	„	Society in Uxbridge, for Monthly Journals	25.00
„ 5.	„	Mr. William V. Spencer, as second payment on his life-membership	5.00
„ 7.	„	Rev. S. W. M'Daniel, to balance his account for books	4.36
„ „	„	Society in Quincy, for Monthly Journals, additional	4.00
„ 8.	„	Rev. Dr. Farley's Society, Brooklyn, N.Y., as a donation	118.00
„ 9.	„	Society in Buffalo, N.Y., for Monthly Journals	50.00
„ 10.	„	Society in Waltham, for Monthly Journals, additional	1.00
„ „	„	Rev. Augustus Woodbury's Society, Providence, R.I., as a donation	215.00
„ „	„	"F.," Chicago, Ill., for the India Mission	10.00
„ 12.	„	Society in Northborough, for Monthly Journals	23.00
„ „	„	Rev. Daniel Bowen's Society, Hingham, for Monthly Journals	12.00
„ „	„	Society in Barnstable, for Monthly Journals	4.00
„ 14.	„	Mount-Pleasant Society, Roxbury, for Monthly Journals, additional	3.00
„ 15.	„	Rev. Dr. Hall's Society, Providence, R.I., as a donation	203.00
„ „	„	Rev. J. G. Forman, to balance his account	12.00
„ „	„	Society in Northfield, for Monthly Journals	10.00
„ 17.	„	Mr. Everett Clapp, as a donation	2.00
„ 19.	„	Society in Plymouth, for Monthly Journal, additional	1.00
„ „	„	Society in Petersham, for Monthly Journals	10.00
„ „	„	North Society, Salem, as a donation, additional	2.00
„ 22.	„	Society in Brunswick, Me., as a donation	12.00
„ 23.	„	Society in Dublin, N.H., for Monthly Journals	4.00

ARMY FUND.

		Already acknowledged	$1,327.37
April 7.	From	Rev. A. H. Conant	10.00
„ 10.	„	Rev. Augustus Woodbury's Society, Providence, R.I.	40.00
			$1,377.37